

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. II.

BOSTON, OCTOBER 2, 1887.

{ Entered as second-class
mail matter.



REBEKAH AT THE WELL.

DICKY WY-WY.

BY SUSIE L. LAWRENCE.



OW boys!" said Mr. Hurlburt, "you may ride with Joe, and the little girls can go in the carryall with mother and me."

In another instant Willie and Harry clambered up to the seat beside Joe, and the heavy load of household goods started on its way to the new home over the mountain.

"Look how fast Papa's new horse goes down the road," exclaimed Willie. "Do you think, Joe, Papa will ever let me drive him?"

"When you get old enough," answered Joe.

"Why, I am nine," cried Willie, "and ever so strong. I can lift Harry, and he is seven; and Papa often lets me drive the old pony to mill."

"Yes," piped in Harry, "and me too; I have driven Old Gray lots of times. When shall we get to the new house, Joe?"

"Well," replied Joe, "I guess along about four or five this afternoon. We've twenty miles to go, and some of it is awful hard carting. We shall get to the top of the mountain about one or two o'clock. After that, it won't take long to get to the new house."

"Will the folks get there first?"

"Oh, yes, they will get there by two. They have not a very heavy load, and can take the lower road through the woods; we should capsize if we tried to go that road."

"Did we bring anything to eat?" asked Harry.

"Yes, a big basketful. I know a good place where we will stop and rest the horses, and make a fire and eat."

"Oh, jolly! jolly!" cried both boys. It was going to be a great day for them. "Will you make the fire, Joe?"

"Yes, it is cold on the mountain. It is getting cold here, and you had better put your coats on. I should n't wonder if it snowed to-morrow; April weather is awful treacherous."

Mr. Hurlburt had driven entirely out of sight, leaving the heavily-laden team with its two stout horses to make its way slowly up the long winding hillside. Gayly the boys chatted with Joe, the faithful colored servant who had lived in the family for many years.

"Tell us a riddle," cried Willie; "you know one, don't you?"

"Well," said Joe, "let me think. Know one? yes, indeed, I should think so. Now, try and guess this:—

"I have a little sister; she has but one eye.
She looks o'er the mountains ever so high;
She looks o'er the waters ever so deep;
My dear little sister is now fast asleep."

Joe repeated this in a musical sing-song with the soft accent peculiar to the negro race. The boys tried to guess the riddle.

"Is it a bird?" asked Harry.

"An eagle?" suggested Willie.

"No."

"A lark?"

"No."

"I know,—it is a cloud."

"No."

"Well, what then?"

After letting them guess a little while, Joe bent down and whispered in a mysterious tone, "Don't wake her up! She is a star."

"Oh, tell us another!" cried the boys.

"Lighter than a feather, softer than silk. The King came horseless, and took it away footless."

"What is lighter than a feather, Willie?" said Harry, "is it wool?"

"Who is the King, and how could he come if he had n't any horse and feet?"

Joe let them try to find out the secret, and then told them it was the snow. He told them a good many other riddles, and the time passed swiftly till they came to the place where they were to take their noon-rest. Joe then built a fire of some sticks and twigs, so they could all sit beside it under the shelter on a big boulder. Then he spread the lunch on the basket-cover, and they soon satisfied their hunger.

"Shall we start soon, Joe?" asked the boys.

"Not yet. The horses are not through eating."

"Will you get us some pussy-willows if we come to any?"

"Yes, there is a large tree at the Forks, where the road turns to the village. You can get some there."

"Shall we have to wait long for the horses?" they asked, eager for a new sensation.

"About half an hour."

"Then you tell us a story, won't you? The longest and best story you have. Now do, Joe, won't you?" and they laid their heads all golden and curly against his shoulders, and looked up coaxingly into his great brown eyes. Joe would have given his life rather than that harm should come to those two boys, yet he appeared to hesitate about complying with their wishes. They only coaxed the harder. Then he began:—

"Once there was a woman who lived with a goat."

"Oh, oh! when was that?"

"When goats could talk, and people could understand what they said. The goat had a little Dicky Wy-wy—"

"What is a Dicky Wy-wy?" demanded Harry.

"Oh, you wait and you will find out. The goat kept the little Dicky Wy-wy in his house, and when he lost anything he would call to it,—

'June and July!

June and January!'

and little Dicky Wy-wy would answer,—

'Little Dicky Wy-wy!

Little Dicky Wy!'

and then it would go and lead the goat wherever the thing was.

"Now, after a while the woman got tired of the goat, and resolved to go away to some other place to live. So one morning as soon as the goat was gone the woman locked up the house, and taking the little Dicky Wy-wy with her, started off on her journey. About noon the goat returned and found the house all locked up. He went all round, but the doors and windows were fastened, and the curtains pulled down. He tried to find the woman among the neighbors, but they had not seen her. At last he shouted,—

'June and July!

June and January!'

and then an answer came from a great way off, in a faint little tone,—

'Little Dicky Wy-wy!

Little Dicky Wy!'

Then the goat started and went at the top of his speed over hill and dale, through bog and brier, never stopping except to call once in a while. The answer came back each time a little louder than before. Then he started again, sometimes climbing steep hills, sometimes jumping from sharp cliffs, never turning to right or to left, till at last he came to the edge of a high precipice

overhanging a deep lake; then he stopped and called,—

'June and July!

June and January!'

The answer came loud and near,—

'Little Dicky Wy-wy!

Little Dicky Wy!'

and in a moment more he found the woman hiding behind a tree. He asked her where she was going. She told him she was going to live somewhere else. This made the goat so angry that he pushed her off the precipice into the lake, and she was drowned. Then the goat took his little Dicky Wy-wy, and went home. Now we must start, or we sha'n't get home to-night."

"But, Joe, what is a Dicky Wy-wy?"

Joe was busy putting the horses into the wagon, and did not answer. They were soon ready, and started to go down the long ten miles that were before them. They had gone about half the distance when one of the horses lost a shoe, and as the road was rough and stony, he soon began to limp. They went on till they came to a cross-road, down which there was a blacksmith shop a short distance off. Here Joe lifted the boys down from the wagon and told them to go on, and they would soon come to the Forks where the pussy-willows were. If they kept on they might get home before he overtook them.

As the boys went on they saw something new to attract their attention at every turn. By-and-by they came to the willows, and found them white with bloom. They gathered great handfuls of the soft cottony substance that was so light and pretty. Then when they were tired of that they started on. Ever since they had turned to come off the mountain the sky had been overcast; now the air began to fill with snow, but the boys did not notice it till a flake fell upon Willie's hand.

"It snows," he exclaimed.

"No," said Harry, "it is the cotton from the pussy-willows."

"No," returned Willie, "there is another, and there is another. Oh, it is snowing hard, and we are a great way from home."

"How far?"

"Miles, I guess. I wonder where Joe is; he is a long time coming."

On they went, while the flakes continued to come down faster and thicker. By-and-by the road grew narrower, and at last seemed to be nothing but a cart-path through the woods.

"I thought Papa was going to live in a town; there are ever so many trees here," said Harry, who was beginning to feel discouraged.

"I guess the town is the other side of the woods. If we keep on, we shall soon be there," replied Willie.

"Mamma will want to see us, I think, by this time," said Harry.

"If she had a little Dicky Wy-wy, it would find us for her," suggested Willie.

"What do you suppose a Dicky Wy-wy is like?" asked Harry.

"I don't know," said Willie; "it must be like a bird, for Joe sang its song."

"I wonder if it is as large as a robin," exclaimed Harry.

"Or a bumble-bee," said Willie.

"Or a fly," persisted Harry.

"If it had been a fly," Willie explained, "it would have flown back to the goat."

"It was too far," said Harry. "I think it is a fairy that she put in her pocket, as Tom Thumb's wife used to do."

Still the road grew rougher and more rocky, and began to lead up a hillside. The trees were

taller and there were more of them. It grew so dark that the boys could hardly see their path. The sharp stones cut through their shoes and hurt their feet, making them bleed. Harry slipped and wrenched his ankle badly, so that he limped quite painfully. Both boys wanted to cry, but were ashamed to be so babyish.

"Where is Joe? Why does n't he come?" at last said Harry.

"I don't know," replied his brother. "I hope we are not lost, like the Babes in the Woods."

"Shall we have to stay here all night?" Harry somewhat anxiously asked.

"I don't know," said Willie, rather gloomily.

"Where shall we sleep?" again asked Harry, who had perfect faith that his big brother could answer everything. "If we die, will the robins come and cover us? What will Mamma do without us?" and then his courage broke down completely at the thought of the tender mother waiting for her two little boys, lost in the woods.

"Don't cry," said Willie, who tried to be brave, though his own lips quivered and his eyes filled with tears; then he added stoutly, "If we had a little Dicky Wy-wy, it would lead us home. I would call to him ever so loud."

"How loud?" inquired Harry. "Do call; perhaps there is one here."

"Let's both call," said Willie.

So both boys called in a loud voice, —

"June and July!

June and January!"

Then they listened, but only the wind through the branches answered.

"Didn't you hear a sound way off?" said Harry. "I thought I heard something. Let's call again."

So again they called, —

"June and July!

June and January!"

A fierce gust of snow and wind, mingled with the distant bark of a house-dog, was all the answer that came. The boys listened tremblingly. It was so dark they could not see the path, which was lost under the snow between the trees.

"I heard something. It sounded like a voice. Did n't you?" Harry said. "Try once more real loud; you know that Joe shouted ever so loud."

Then once more they called as loud as they could, —

"June-and-July!

June-and-Jan-u-a-ry!"

This time they heard an answer clear and distinct, in a kind sweet voice.

"Dicky Wy-wy."

They started forward in the direction from which the sound came. At last they saw a bright light through the snow, and when they approached near enough they found a house and a kind old lady standing in the door with a light in her hand. She bade them come in and take off their wet clothes. She took them to the fire, and at once removed their caps and coats and shoes and wet stockings. She put each one of the boys in a large easy chair, and made them so comfortable that they began to feel very happy, while at the same time she talked to them so kindly and so pleasantly that they could not be afraid. Then she got them some nice bread and milk and seed-cakes, — just what the boys liked best; after which she went out into another part of the house.

When she returned she brought two round russet apples. These she placed on the stand between the boys, and then sitting down she said,

"How did you get lost?"

The boys told the story of the day, how pleasantly it began and how sadly it ended.

"You took the wrong road at the Forks. You played among the willows till you got off the main road. The one you took leads into the woods, and now I suppose Joe must be home. If I had some one to send I would let your mamma know where you are. It is only three miles to your new home through the woods. I often walk it."

"Have you got a Little Dicky Wy-wy?" inquired Harry, whose curiosity on that question could not be satisfied.

"Got a what?" exclaimed the old lady.

"A Little Dicky Wy-wy. It is something that tells when anything is lost. When you want anything you call, and it answers. We called, and it answered; so I thought you had one."

"It is a story Joe told us to-day," explained Willie, "and Harry wants to know what it is."

The kind old lady laughed heartily when the children told the story of the goat and little Wy-wy, and she said: —

"I guess you won't find any of those people in these woods, now-a-days. I heard you calling, so answered you. I am expecting my son home: his name is Richard, after his father; so we call him Dick. He often comes home singing his sailor songs, — he is in the coasting service; so I went to the door and called, 'Dick! why! why!' and you thought I was answering your call, and saying the words of the what-do-you-call-it."

"Now, you will have to stay here till morning. Then when the chore-boy comes, I will send him over to your house, and they will send and get you."

The boys were soon tucked away in bed and asleep. In the morning the chore-boy went over to Mr. Hurlburt's house. The family were not alarmed, for Joe had not arrived, and the boys were supposed to be safe with him. The country was wild and rough in that region, and the storm was sufficient to account for the delay. A carriage was sent and the boys taken home.

Years rolled away, but Willie and Harry never forgot their experience in the woods. When twenty years or more had passed, an expressman found his way one night to the old lady's door; she was very aged and infirm now. When he gave her the box he brought, she refused to take it, saying it was a mistake; that there was no one to send her anything now her son was dead. But the man insisted, showing her name and direction in full. At last she consented to open it, on the condition that if it was not all right she would not keep it. Inside of the box, however, there was a letter directed to Mrs. Mary Fiske, from the little boys, now grown to be young men. In it they referred to her great kindness in caring for them that night so long ago, and begged her to accept the accompanying gifts as a token of their gratitude. The gifts proved to be a nice dress, with all the needful trimmings, and a five dollar bill to help make it. The poor old lady was overpowered, and wept tears of joy to find that some one in the outer world could send a thought to her in her solitary home.

Every spring after that, as long as she lived, Willie and Harry either sent or brought her something, and often laughed with her to think she proved to be their little Dicky Wy-wy.

CONTENTMENT is better than wealth.

MEN are never killed by the adversities they have, but by the impatience which they suffer.

History and Biography.

ALBERT DÜRER'S MOTHER.

BY KATHERINE HAGAR.

ALBERT DÜRER writes of his father that he received praise from every one "because he led an honorable Christian life, and was patient, gentle, and at peace with every one, always thankful to God. He did not seek worldly pleasures, spoke little, shunned society, and was in truth a God-fearing man." After his marriage to the pretty maiden Barbara Hellerin, he worked faithfully to support his family; for they had eighteen children. The great painter, Albert Dürer, born May 21, 1471, was the third child; some of their children died in infancy and some when "grown up." This shock of death so often in her home, bringing to her again and again a sad parting from her children, — only three sons survived her, — must have sorely afflicted this tender-hearted, loving mother. Besides this "heart-woe" over the loss of her little ones, she had many other troubles. Dürer himself writes of her, "She has suffered great poverty, scoffing, disparagement, spiteful words, fears, and great reverses."

But it is pleasant to think that perhaps even in his childhood she rejoiced in the talent of her famous son. As soon as he had learned to read and write, he was taught the goldsmith's trade by his father; yet he managed to escape at times from the shop where his father worked, and as is shown by an inscription on one of his early drawings, to sketch figures for his own amusement, and that of his play-fellows. His own portrait at the age of thirteen, on parchment, is a charming child's face, thoughtful, with fine features, the long hair according to the custom of the day cut straight across the brow. He wrote under it in later life, "I did this counterfeit of myself from a looking-glass, in 1484, when I was yet a child: Albert Dürer."

Another picture, drawn a year later, of the Virgin and Child with an angel on either side, one playing on a lute, the other on a harp, is wonderful as showing the precocity of the artist.

When he was in Venice, he writes to a friend concerning his young brother, that "I would have willingly brought him with me here, which would have done him good, and he would have learned the language, but she, his mother, was afraid the sky would fall on us both." Poor anxious, loving mother! Dürer himself is as full of care for her, for he advises the boy to "hold himself honest and sensible till I come and not to be a trouble to my mother."

Two years after the death of her husband, her devoted son took her to his own home, for she had spent all she possessed and had become "quite poor." He shows his affection for her in his letters to his friend, and in the simple narrative of the death of this "truly pious woman." We learn of her gentleness under all the trials of her life, her benevolence and her good repute. He urges her when he is away to take good care of herself, and he remembers one phrase she used which shows to us as to him the sweetness and piety of her nature. Whenever he went in or out, she always said to him, "Go in the name of Christ."

"Her greatest joy was always to speak of God and to do all to His honor and glory."

And whoever has mourned as Dürer did, can say with him, "I had such great grief for her as I can never express."

Our Letter-Box.

DEAR EDITOR, — I should like to have you come up here. Up on top of the mountain is a lake a mile round, and without any bottom, as far as we can tell. It is a mile and a half up the side of the mountain on the log road; but to drive up, it is five miles. I went up with Papa to the coal-kilns, about four miles beyond, after raspberries, and stayed all day. Papa got sixteen quarts, and I got about eight. The coal-kilns are where charcoal has been made. We got caught in a hard storm, and had to go into one of the shanties. There were two others with us. . . . We have lovely flowers now. Our petunia mound has many different kinds in it. There are a number of different kinds of pansies, verbenas, and China pinks. We had some clove pinks this spring, but they are done blossoming now; and some carnation pinks that we raised from seed last year. . . . I think there are lovely pictures in the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I did know how to play Mr. Spaulding's piece, "The Lord is in His Holy Place," but I have lost my "Day-spring" that it was in. . . . The school-house is a mile from our house, and we have Sunday-school there. My class is next to the Bible Class: there are eight of us girls in it, but I am the youngest. Our teacher is nice; he is over sixty, but we like him just the same. . . . I am librarian of our Sunday-school when Mamma is absent; she is the librarian and Papa is treasurer. . . . I will close my letter now. Good-by, with love from

HATTIE.

BENNINGTON, Vt.

ENIGMA III.

I AM composed of 77 letters.

My 5, 61, 7, 12, 68, 2, 61, is a bird mentioned in the Psalms, which sometimes builds her nest in chimneys.

My 12, 72, 59, 58, is an animal Samson killed.

My 1, 11, 3, 13, 14, were animals he made a cruel use of to destroy the corn of the Philistines.

My 77, 67, 33, 75, 73, were birds used in sacrifice by the Jews.

My 15, 22, 37, is an animal which is said to have been once gifted with speech.

My 61, 6, 32, 68, 4, is a large fish mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis.

My 10, 23, 20, 39, 9, 46, are animals for which Joseph gave bread at the time of the famine.

My 47, 3, 27, 16, are animals with which the Israelites ploughed.

My 68, 28, 51, 18, is an animal to which Jesus sometimes compares his disciples.

My 40, 36, 26, 45, 51, 2, 25, 31, is the name under which the elephant is described in the Book of Job.

My 64, 52, 51, is the animal which Abraham sacrificed instead of his son.

My 64, 76, 8, 65, 53, is the bird which Noah sent first from the ark.

My 61, 49, 12, 8, 34, 5, are animals to which Jesus compares false prophets.

My 14, 61, 55, 35, and my 44, 63, 30, 23, 48, are birds that were considered unclean by the Jews.

My 62, 9, 16, is a fowl Jesus once compares himself to.

My 71, 2, 64, 58, 4, 43, is an insect, swarms of which Joshua tells us drove the Amorites from the Israelites.

My 18, 69, 38, my 54, 7, 64, 42, my 24, 52, 68, 12, 49, 61, — 17, 45, 4, 64, my 57, 55, 64, 75, and my 73, 61, 29, 53, 65, are animals the Jews were forbidden to eat.

My 50, 12, 70, is an insect, swarms of which were one of the plagues sent to Pharaoh.

My 56, 41, 64, 60, 68, 65, — 21, 23, 8, 36, is a migratory bird, whose coming in the spring is spoken of in the Song of Solomon.

My 12, 75, 33, 19, 7, 66, 74, 76, 58, is an animal, mentioned in the Psalms and in Job, which is supposed to be the crocodile.

My 40, 41, 12, 12, is an animal, effigies of which in brass decorated the temple of Solomon.

My whole is what Jesus said of himself to a certain man who desired to follow him and become his disciple.

ANAGRAMS.

1. Ist astdinec ndels mancethnten of eth wiew.
2. Dasnomeh si alht esodnahm soed.
3. Voel roudy esimnee.

EVA STRAW, 13 years old.

CROSS AND SQUARE.

```

*****
*   *   *
*   *   *
*   *   *
*****
*   *   *
*   *   *
*   *   *
*****

```

Square. — *Upper line:* A shepherd who was a musician, and who became a great king and a great poet. *Left line:* The great fish-god of the Philistines. *Lower line:* The blind girl of Pompeii. *Right line:* A Spanish title for a lady.

Cross. — *Horizontal:* Yielded up. *Perpendicular:* Brilliant.

DIAMOND WORD-PUZZLE.

1. A consonant.
2. The animal Abraham found caught in the thicket when the angel called to him not to sacrifice his son.
3. The vizier of Ahasuerus, who sought the death of Mordecai.
4. To injure anything.
5. A consonant.

For Youngest Readers.

THE BOY HOUSEKEEPERS.

BY LUCY F. YOUNG.



MAMMA was invited to spend a couple of days in the city. Should she go? That was the question. Could she leave her two little boys alone for even two nights?

"Oh, Mamma," argued Arthur, "I wish you would go! You need the rest, and we can take care of the house, can't we, Rob? If I was a girl you would think I could do it, and I can wash dishes better than Cousin Jennie does; for you know you said the cups were not clean when she helped me the other night. Do go, and see if I can't keep house."

Arthur was only twelve years old and Rob only nine, but they were both so sure they could get along without Mamma, and it would do her so much good, that at last she decided to go. They would not be alone at night, for they lived in part of a house occupied by another family, so there was no danger. Mamma cooked bread and gingerbread, left them some cold meat, and with eggs, which Arthur could cook, they would get along very well.

The boys went to the early train to see her off, and then returned to wash the breakfast dishes, make the beds, clean the bird-cage, and then read over carefully Mamma's list for the morning, to be sure they had

forgotten no duty before going to school. (There was a list for the evening also, so as to help the little boys in their first house-keeping.)

The day went easily and happily; but when night came, and the boys entered the dark rooms, after a game of football in the street, it was lonely with no Mamma, and Rob could not keep back the tears. Arthur comforted him as well as he could, and soon they were both asleep.

Arthur waked many times during the night, for the care made him nervous, and he was afraid he should not wake early enough to do the work before school. So he was tired the next day, and when at night he saw Rob struggling to keep the tears back, he cried too, and Rob had to comfort him.

The morning came, full of sunshine, and found the boys very happy, for Mamma was coming. They put the house in nice order, and were counting the hours before they could go to the train at night, when a letter came from Mamma. She was enjoying every minute, was feeling better, and had received an invitation to remain two days longer. Were the boys willing she should stay?

The boys' happy faces grew sober. The sun did not shine quite so brightly, they thought; but Arthur bravely took a pen and wrote his Mamma that they were well, and should be glad to have her stay longer and have a nice time. Rob fell to hugging and kissing the pussy for comfort.

The days passed. The boys were lonesome, but did not cry any more. They kept themselves busy, and were happy because they were working for Mamma. Arthur cut his finger one day, and Rob had to turn surgeon and bandage it as well as he could. One morning they overslept and had to go to school without any breakfast. The bread gave out, and the last day they ate crackers. But no serious accident happened, and when at last Mamma came, looking so much better for the little change and rest, the boys felt they were rewarded for all their lonely hours; and as Arthur said, they had proved that *boys* could keep house as well as girls.

THE Editor would urge his younger readers not to skip the two very interesting articles on page 14, in the column of "Open Leaves from Nature's Book." Mr. Allen is one of the most learned naturalists in the United States. Master Stevens deserves praise for observing so correctly and for reporting so clearly what he has seen. Let other children try to do likewise.

FAME is the perfume of heroic deeds.

WHO ever suffered for not speaking ill of others?

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.



PULLING FOR THE SHORE.

Open Leaves from Nature's Book.

WHAT I KNOW ABOUT SOME BUGS.

BY WALDO W. STEVENS

(Thirteen years old).

In digging for worms I have no doubt you have often found a big white worm about two inches long and very fat, with a hard head like that of a beetle. (What I am going to tell you I found out myself and did not get from a book.) I have found these stupid, lazy worms in different stages of growth, some with the head in the perfect shape of the May or June bugs, as they are called. Others I have found with perfect legs, both fore and hind, exactly like the June-bug, — almost a perfect bug, except that the back was not wholly hard. Now, this worm is called the grub-worm. (At least that is what it was commonly called where I lived. Of course it is not the scientific name.)

This worm is in a sort of sleepy state, and is growing slowly but surely into a June bug. As he grows he gets nearer to the surface of the earth, and at last he crawls out, — no longer a worm, but a nice fresh June-bug. You have often seen him in the warm weather, and at night, — if you have a lamp lit, — he is bumping around your house, attracted by the light.

You have probably heard the song from which I quote these lines: —

"I'm a June-bug, and I'm a beetle;
I can buzz, and bump my head against the wall."

These words describe the bug very well as far as they go. If your door is open, in walks Mr. June-bug and bumps around the lamp till you catch him. Then you feel his nice smooth back and let him crawl in your hand. He is a stupid bug.

One day, about four years ago, I was playing with some friends in a clump of trees. All at once one of them exclaimed, "What is this?" At his asking the question we all rushed to where he was. There, right in front of us, lay a very queer insect, and on a tree about three feet from the ground was the cast-off shell of a bug. No one knew what it was, and on carrying it into the house for information we found ourselves no better off. I afterwards found out it was a locust. (See the article following this. — Ed.)

When you go out in the orchard through the first part of the summer, look on all the trees and see if you don't find a queer-looking bug. Have you not found it? Yes, here it is, its shell or outside skin split right down from the head.

"A neat little slit!" did I hear you say?

Well, when this bug thinks he would like a change, — if it is the right time, — he walks up a tree or post, and lo! his back splits open and he tumbles to the ground, leaving his cast-off coat clinging to the tree or post. There the bug lies till he gets strength enough to fly. Then he finds himself a locust, and the rest of the year he sings with all his might.

The locusts of the Western States make a very loud noise which sounds like "You-ee" repeated rapidly and shrilly. He sings louder and longer than those in the East. Just as soon as one stops singing another begins, and so it is kept up. After he gets through singing, he crawls up higher and then flies off.

The locust sings with his wings. I know, because I have caught them and have seen them. He moves his wings up and then down, or *vice versa*. Where I used to live, in the West, the locusts sang all summer long, keeping up a per-

petual concert free to all. One would begin in a low tone, gradually increasing to a louder tone, and then letting it die away. He would hardly finish before another would take it up, and so they kept it up all day long.

A great many people think the locusts sting, but I have never been hurt by one. When I heard the locust singing, if I wanted him, away I would go, as fast as my legs could carry me, to the tree from which the noise came. Up the tree I would climb till I seemed to get on a level with the noise; then, looking sharp, I would find him before he could fly away.

Perhaps you think you would like to be a locust; but they have enemies in the birds, — and boys too, I am sorry to say. The locust always seems merry and happy, which is the way we all ought to try to be.

THE HARVEST-FLY.

BY J. A. ALLEN.

The harvest-fly (of which there are many species, forming the genus *Cicada*) is very commonly known as the locust. But the real locust is a grasshopper, — locust and grasshopper being interchangeable terms for the same insects. The locusts mentioned in the Bible, as one of the plagues visited upon Pharaoh, were grasshoppers. The "seventeen-year locust," so called, is one of the harvest-flies.

The harvest-flies deposit their eggs in the stems of the golden-rod and other weeds, and also in the twigs of the apple and oak. The twigs afterwards break off and fall to the ground; the eggs hatch, and the young, or larvæ, crawl into the ground and fix themselves in clusters to the roots of trees, where they suck the sap which forms their food. They live underground till the next season, or longer, when they pass through the pupa stage, crawl out, cast off the pupa-case, and become perfect insects. They are then very strong fliers, being able to fly in a straight line for a long time with almost the swiftness of a bullet; and Master Stevens has told you what fine singers they are.

The seventeen-year *Cicada*, or harvest-fly, lives underground in the larval state for seventeen years, a new brood of the insects appearing only once in that number of years; hence their name.

A MAIDEN'S ROSE-GARDEN.

BY MRS. ABBIE M. GANNETT.



ONE hears of wonderful and beautiful things in these days; but, go far or near, you will never see a rose-garden like the Princess Chriemhild's, — seven miles in circumference, and one solid mass of crimson bloom! Can you imagine it? Those who lived near were always in an atmosphere of delicious fragrance, and even at a distance people would sometimes exclaim, "Ah, how sweet! the wind blows from over the princess's roses."

But there was a curious thing about the garden; it was surrounded only by a silken thread. Was Chriemhild willing every one should come and gather her roses? Oh, no; she was very proud of them, but jealous too. Though to all appearances only the thread of silk protected them, in reality there were twelve strong warriors to defend the precious flowers, of whom several were her brothers and one was her betrothed. Not only these, but many fierce giants to help when help was needed.

Chriemhild lived in Worms, Germany; and you may guess how many centuries ago, since it was

in the days of giants. Singular, is n't it, since there are none to-day, that reports of so many giants have come down to us from that far long ago?

Well, not only was Chriemhild so vain and chary of her roses, but she became boastful of the heroes that guarded them. She often said she did not believe there were twelve men in the world who could meet them and not be vanquished. But some one reported to her that in Berne there was a wonderful hero, Dietrich by name, and hinted that he was strong enough to overcome some of her warriors.

Oh, how angry Chriemhild was! She sent a scornful message to this Dietrich, telling him he might select eleven equally as strong as himself, or stronger, and she defied them all to match her twelve. Dietrich felt insulted. He did choose eleven strong men, and he also added sixty thousand soldiers. Among the eleven was a gray-bearded monk, yet a most famous fighter, Ilan by name. Dietrich secretly rejoiced that Ilan had such lasting strength that he could meet any number of men when once his fighting mood was aroused. Usually he was a merry fellow, fonder of jest and song than of the field of strife; yet when he did fight he could be more cruel than any.

They marched for Worms. Dietrich left the army without the city and came in with his eleven champions. It was agreed that there should be twelve hand-to-hand combats.

Chriemhild was seated in high state to see them all. Sure that her heroes would conquer, she promised a garland of roses to each victor.

The engagements began. The first was for a long time uncertain; then Chriemhild to her horror saw the Berne victor win. She called upon one of her brothers to come forth and vanquish him, to remove the disgrace; but he too was beaten. Success followed the Berne warriors.

Chriemhild in a frenzy bade her betrothed, Siegfried, engage with Dietrich. For a while it seemed as if Siegfried would conquer; but Dietrich proving the more powerful, he was obliged to retreat to save himself, and he took shelter by Chriemhild's side. Now the gray-bearded monk, Ilan, roused himself. He dared each remaining warrior to encounter him in turn, and as fast as they approached they yielded to his powerful arm. Finally there was no one left for him to fight. Yet he called for "More men!" Incensed, Chriemhild sent for other warriors and her giants. Fifty-two of these did the stout monk put to rout; then, since there were no more, he loudly claimed of the princess as many rose-garlands.

We can imagine Chriemhild's mood as she was obliged to gather her cherished roses to crown her enemies.

When the single-handed contests were over, Dietrich sought the king and told him of the army which he had in reserve close to the city. The king was compelled to do homage to Dietrich, or see his city attacked, to its probable ruin.

Such was the inglorious end of Chriemhild's pride and boasting. Her garden was no longer a pleasure to her, since her heroes had been sacrificed and herself and kindred disgraced for its sake. The silken thread no longer remained as a pretty vaunt around it. The story does not tell us what became of it, but since it had furnished garlands for her enemies, we presume whoever wished to gather Chriemhild's roses could do so now.

Though this story has been handed down to us from such a distant past, it teaches a very plain lesson of truth. If we make anything else out of our possessions than things of use and beauty for others and ourselves, they will work toward our own harm or downfall.

THE BROKEN PALING.

BY M. S. H.

"You see," said Louise to May as they sat on the wood-pile one Saturday morning, "Mamma did n't really tell us not to play in that field; she only just said, 'Don't go through the gate.'"

"But she told us not to climb the fence ever so how else could we get in? I'm afraid we ought n't to, Louie."

Louise kicked away a chip or two with her dusty little foot.

"There is n't a bit of reason why we should n't play there, anyhow. Look at those red leaves over there; they're a great deal prettier than any here. We might just go and get a few of those for Mamma, and run right back. They'll be a nice s'prise, and Mamma likes a s'prise," added Louise, starting toward the fence.

"But the gate, Louie! Indeed! we ought n't to!"

"We're not going through the gate; you follow me, and look out for brambles. We'll hurry up and get those flowers, and come right back; and we won't have disobeyed, either, for here's a broken paling. Now, we're not going over the fence nor through the gate; and that's all mamma forbade."

When they came to the red leaves, somehow they were n't so very bright, after all, and Louise dragged down handful after handful and threw them away. It was n't much fun in the field, either. The ground was damp and swampy; Louise got her foot wet, and May thought she saw a snake. So they clambered through the broken paling again, a pair of forlorn little girls, both feeling that everything was n't quite right.

The next day Louise woke up very early with a strange feeling in her face and hands, "as if there was such a lot of me," she told her mamma.

When the doctor came and looked at the poor little swollen face and little red hands, he said it was poison from some plants or leaves; but Mamma shook her head and said, "There is nothing in our garden that could possibly hurt them."

After Dr. Wells had gone, Louise sobbed out her little story, and told about the lovely red leaves and the broken paling. Mamma showed her that the disobedience was the same as if she had really gone through the gate, for she knew all the time that she was doing wrong.

Poor Louise! For many days she had to lie in a dark room; and now whenever she wants to twist one of Mamma's commands to suit herself she thinks of the broken paling. — *The Sunbeam*.

THE FALL OF THE YEAR.

THOUGH the summer's throbbing chant be over, the ending of the year has a beauty of its own; we cannot speak of "melancholy days" as we see the land ablaze with brown and red and gold, — funeral lights, it may be said, for the glory that is dying; but we know that beyond the death there waits the resurrection. The flowers have not left us forever.

"Cheerless we take our way, but not afraid;
Will there not be more roses by-and-by?"

And every year it seems to us that the flowers are lovelier. The beauty of the year never wholly fades, even when we have taken our last look at the autumn sunsets, with their "richest, tenderest glow," and the purple dye of the heather, and the shimmering lakes and meadows, and the moaning, storm-tossed sea. — *The Quiver*.

AT HARVEST.

WHEN the world is radiant
In October hours,
Wood and field and garden
Gemmed with autumn flowers
When the wheat is golden,
Gleaming in the sun,
And the scythe and sickle
Harvest have begun,
May our thoughts turn often,
In our gratitude,
To the Lord of harvest,
Giver of all good.

He who in the winter
Clad the ground with snow;
He who in the spring-time
Caused the seed to grow;
He who sent the showers,
And the dew at morn,
Then the sunny hours,
Ripening fruit and corn, —
He is Lord of harvest,
And to him we raise
Songs of humble gratitude,
Thankful songs of praise.

— Selected.

THREE BOYS WHO GREW TO BE GREAT.

A BOY used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in the Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gaped at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian.

An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot and brushes, easel and stool, and said: —

"That boy will beat me one day."

So he did; for he was Michael Angelo.

A German boy was reading a novel. Right in the midst of it he said to himself: —

"Now, this will never do. I get too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So, here goes!"

And he flung the book out into the river. He was Fichte, the great German philosopher. — *Youth's Instructor*.

LOVE.

Oh for the gift of perfect love
That pierces through the shell!
That hates the sin with deepest hate.
Yet loves the sinner well.

The love that seeks, mid so much dross,
The hidden gold to find;
That strives, while driving out the sin,
The sinner's wounds to bind.

A tender, hopeful, cheering love,
That can despair of none,
However black the records be
Of sin and evil done.

Believe it, love can warm the heart,
However hard and cold;
And love may grasp and strengthen hands
That nothing else can hold.

Be very tender in thy love
Of souls that go astray;
There is no surer guide than love
To the forsaken way.

— Selected.

Teachers' Department.

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL TRAINING:
ITS NEEDS AND ITS IDEAL.

BY MISS KATE L. BROWN.

(A paper read before the Norfolk and Essex Conferences.)

IN speaking of our need, I would say that its beginning is not alone in ignorance of opportunity, but in indifference as well.

True, that indifference is gradually giving way to a deeper earnestness. This is what we must have: to be thoroughly alive, to be willing to do; these are our two greatest needs. Unitarianism has been full of light, but it has been too often the light without heat. May we not hope that this new era is the time of that deep, sacred glow that shall warm and comfort the world's heart?

We must be more in earnest. This Sunday-school work is a vital necessity, worth cherishing, watching, and sacrifice. It must not be patronized with that half condescension which always degrades its object. It must be looked upon with respect, as a thing which will pay its way in every sense of the word. Let our support, then, be constant and generous. First, let us give ourselves. Money is a great help, but human lives are better.

Parents, do not send your children, but go with them. Your absence suggests to others that the time comes when people no longer need instruction in holy things. Your irregular attendance speaks your half-heartedness louder than you could wish. I hold that children should expect to go to Sunday-school as regularly as to day school. One of childhood's sweetest memories is that of peeping across the aisle at my dear father surrounded by his adult pupils. I am also grateful to those parents who sent me to church and Sunday-school regularly, rainy days as well as fair days, when I had to wear old clothes as well as when the new were on hand. I did not always catch the benefit I might have received; but it was a good habit, and its continuance from that time to now has been an unspeakable help and safeguard to me. My observation has shown me that the failure or partial success of the Sunday-school is often due to the indifference of parents, to the spirit of patronage rather than hearty co-operation.

This applies to teachers as well as parents. If you have a class, always be there. Hesitate with much conscientiousness before you leave your place vacant.

I have said that human lives are better than money; but the money must be had, notwithstanding. Each church should support the Sunday-school generously, as one of its duties. The parents who spare no expense in the intellectual culture of their children must not be niggardly in their support of those means by which the higher nature is developed.

We must have the best text-books and appliances for instruction. Every agency that contributes to our success must be duly remembered. The Unitarian Church must pay its debts always.

There is in existence a Sunday-School Society which has made good work possible to us. That Society prepares, at great labor and expense, text-books and manuals from the best authors, and sells them to schools for less than half the price of ordinary publishing. These books, manuals, and services have elicited praise from such authorities as "Harper's Magazine" and similar publications. Some of them have been used in other denominations. The Society also publishes a children's paper, — a gem. Said one of the most prominent of Orthodox divines, "We have nothing worthy of comparison with it in our body."

Our Sunday-School Society does not desire or expect to make money. It only asks that enough money be at its command that it need not be crippled in its activities or plunged into debt.

We avail ourselves of its labors, we gladly use its material, we criticise with severity if anything is wanting; but how many of us ever pay a dollar into its treasury?

Is this an honest course to take? Unitarians have ever headed subscription lists for every work under the sun but their own. This is a short-sighted policy, and too much like the mother who sews for the heathen while her own children are in rags. If there is a single Sunday-school before me that has been remiss, let the matter be at once mended. Let the annual contribution to the Sunday-School Society be prompt and generous.

If this first need I mention — this warmer love and more steadfast devotion — be supplied, I believe our Sunday-schools will take a great leap onward in both spiritual and mental prosperity.

A second need confronts us, — a better, more complete organization. We must have full faith and fervor, but our enthusiasm must be used in the most effective manner. Scattering shots may hit occasionally, but it is the union of forces that tells. Our schools may be small, still, they need none the less the best organization, the most judicious equipment. Let us not forget that large bodies are apt to grow unwieldy, that a small yet *live* church or Sunday-school may accomplish an immense amount of work. You should have the best man or woman you can pick out for superintendent, and the brightest, wisest, most cheery and tactful people for teachers. Your classes should be carefully graded. A course of study should be laid out ranging from the story and verse instruction used in the infant classes to the study of doctrines and comparative religions in the Bible class.

While not attempting to lay out such a course, some general principles may be mentioned.

With children from four to eight years the memory is most active, and much time should be spent in learning choice selections of Scripture, hymns, and poems. Short stories and talks upon the duties of the Christian child, pictures, blackboard helps, etc., should be used, always with judgment and thoughtfulness.

Then comes the inquisitive age, when children will deluge one with questions. Now is the time to feed the mind with facts. They will be eagerly seized upon; you cannot supply them too readily. From nine to fifteen the life of our Lord, the travels and labors of the Apostles, and Old Testament worthies will prove rich material. Pictures, curiosities, old coins, and models will prove invaluable aids. It would be a good thing if every Sunday-school could own camera, slides, etc., and thus throw upon the screen, in the presence of the pupil, the illustrations of what they are studying. Occasional short written descriptions may be required, and written examinations two or three times a year will prove a good stimulus. Remember that at this time your pupils are all alive, and full of that hunger and thirst for the new.

The third or analytical age is more difficult to deal with. After fifteen the same boys and girls cease to ask questions so freely, and their appetite for facts is much diminished. The reasoning powers are at the front now; questions of ethics, moral, social, and religious, have their turn. How we are governed, our rights and duties, our domestic, social, and civil obligations, — the growing mind will linger in such topics. Here, too, will an interest in doctrines arise, — why are we Unitarians, and what distinguishes us from other religious bodies? And from the beginning to the end, joining in with every subject, life of its life, should the Christianity of the Gospels be inculcated. And the chief text-book of every Sunday-school should be the Bible, all other books being merely subordinate and accessory.

The most common of all difficulties in Sunday-school work is the scarcity of good teachers on the one hand, and the unwillingness to teach on the other. This can only be overcome by the deepening of that new life I have mentioned. When our people are thoroughly alive to their opportunity, the first question will be, "What can I do?" More will

be found willing to undertake this noble work of teaching. But you say, "I don't know how. I am not fit to teach others. I need instruction myself."

This sense of incompleteness comes to all; it is even keenest in the rarest souls. Yet you know something, — enough to begin upon. You can at least unfold the love of God to the children. You can awaken the sense of gratitude, of trust, of longing for good things. Many helps are opening up to you. There are noble books that clear away so many of our perplexities, like Trumbull's "Teachers and Teaching" and Winship's "Methods and Principles." The difficulty of providing trained teachers for our Sunday-schools can only be met by the establishing of Normal Classes. This is being done by many pastors and superintendents with much success. Teachers' meetings are a necessity in every live parish. The Sunday-School Society has already established a Teachers' Class, similar in plan to that meeting in Tremont Temple. Better text-books are now issued; the number and variety of helps are increasing every day. We can no longer say that there is nothing to help us in the work of training little children in spiritual things.

I have spoken of our need of zeal and a better organization. There is still a third need quite as positive.

To be concluded in our next number.

Hints to Teachers.

1. Magnify your office. Against the sneers of the cynic and the indifference of the worldling and the doubts that arise in your own lower moods set this golden saying of Channing: "THE NOBLEST WORK ON EARTH IS TO ACT WITH AN ELEVATING POWER ON A HUMAN SPIRIT."

2. Have a clear conception of your office as a teacher. Good teaching in the Sunday-school means helping your pupils to get a vital hold of moral and religious truth. Earnestness of purpose and consecration of will are most effective when they pervade and give life to one's teaching work with one's class.

3. Be alive, be cheerful, be sympathetic.

4. The open secret of successful teaching is adaptation. Learn how to pass a truth *by the right handle*. Study your pupils. Find out the readiest way of access to each individual mind and heart.

5. Seek to gain for yourself a broad religious culture. It is not what you may know of a particular lesson, but what you know of religion in a large way, of the life of God in the soul of man and in the history of mankind, that will help you most in the teaching hour. A professor in a law school said to the students: "There is scarcely a department of human knowledge a familiarity with which may not contribute directly to your professional success." So we may say: Every addition you can make to your knowledge of religion will directly aid you to become a successful Sunday-school teacher.

6. Give some time *every day* to the study, meditation, and prayer that your work requires. Think of your pupils and think for them, as the good mother thinks of and for her children whether they are present or absent, at home or at school. "The liberal heart deviseth liberal things."

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

THE young Unitarian society at Oakland, California, has a membership of ninety children and twenty adults, with fourteen officers and teachers. This is not surprising to those who know that the pastor of the church is Rev. C. W. Wendt.

The pastor of one of our largest churches in the West suggests a novel method of raising charity funds in the Sunday-school. Each member of the school agrees to give on his birthday as many cents as he is then years old. These birthday gifts are put into a closed earthen jar or vase which has a

small opening on one side to receive the pennies. At the end of the year there is a ceremony of breaking the vase, counting the pennies, and appropriating them for some deserving charities.

The Unitarian Church Temperance Society is preparing a little Manual of Temperance Teachings for use in Sunday-schools.

By invitation of the Marlboro Unitarian Society and Sunday School, the children of the Boston Female Orphan Asylum and those of the Children's Mission passed Saturday, Sept. 10, as guests of the society and Sunday-school at Marlboro.

The party numbered over one hundred, Mrs. B. M. Rich, matron of the Female Orphan Asylum, and Miss Emma Storer, matron of the Children's Mission, having the special care of the children. Mr. W. H. Baldwin, President of the Mission, accompanied the party.

At Marlboro the children met those of the Sunday-school upon the church lawn, where the forenoon was spent most happily in games. From twelve to one was passed in the church vestry, where a bountiful collation had been prepared for all. The whole party was then invited to take seats in barges for a ride of two or three miles to the fruit farm of Mr. Arthur Bigelow, where luscious peaches from the trees were freely distributed. At about five o'clock the party took the train for Boston.

The sixtieth annual meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society will be held in Concord, Mass., on Wednesday evening, October 19, and Thursday, October 20. For the evening meeting a symposium of short practical papers has been arranged. At the morning session on the 20th the work and needs of the Society will be presented and discussed. The address will be delivered by Rev. C. A. Bartol, D.D.

The Second Annual Series of Lecture-Talks to Sunday-School Teachers, under the direction of the Unitarian Sunday-School Society, will be opened on Thursday afternoon, October 27, in Channing Hall, Boston. The lecturer will be the Rev. Andrew P. Peabody, D.D. Dr. Peabody will be followed by Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells, Rev. C. F. Dole, and others. We hope to give full particulars in the next number of our paper.

The Unitarian Sunday-School Union will begin the monthly sessions of its fifth year on Monday evening, October 17, at the rooms of the Second Church, in Boston. The topic for discussion will be *Religious Guilds and Confirmation Classes*. A paper on this subject will be read by Miss Kate L. Brown, and addresses are expected from Rev. John Cuckson, Rev. S. C. Beach, and others. Miss Gertrude T. Jacobs, the Secretary of the Union, has been suffering from severe illness. Her place is temporarily taken by Rev. H. G. Spaulding. The plans of the Union for the present year include the work of a special committee to visit all the Sunday-schools connected with the Union, with a view of making reports on the general condition and characteristic features of the several schools. Such a committee, it is believed, will be able to render good service to our Sunday-schools in the way of stimulus and suggestion.

The uniform subscription price of **EVERY OTHER SUNDAY** is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,
25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.